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EARNING HER OWN LIVING.

It was a tempestuous night in November. The carved Dutch clock in Judge Harrison's study had just struck nine. Judge Harrison himself, an austere looking, silver-haired man sat upright in his chair, gazing coldly at his guest. "Well," said Dr. Hooper, pulling on his gloves, "of course, it isn't for me or any one else to interfere in family matters. But your grandchild is left totally unprovided for, sir."

"I cannot help that," said the Judge, frigidly. "Eight years ago I offered to support the child, and her father, too, if he would only consent to leave that outlandish foreign wife of his. He married her against my will—he clung to her against my will. Let him abide by his decision!"

"It is only natural, Judge, that a man should cleave unto his wife," urged the doctor. "It is only natural, then, that a man should provide for the child of his wife, Dr. Hooper. At all events, I shall assume no further responsibility."

"But, Judge Harrison you are a rich man."

"Granted—but as I have made my money myself, I feel that I have a right to spend it to suit myself."

"But Hilda is a fine girl," pleaded Dr. Hooper.

"No doubt, no doubt; but you will pardon me if I feel no great anxiety to see the child of the German singing woman who stole my son's heart away from me."

Dr. Hooper hesitated.

"Judge," he said at last, in a tone of appealing earnestness, "you have another grand daughter."

"I have. My daughter's child, Marian Lenox, makes her home with me."

"And you would deny a similar home to Hilda Harrison?"

Judge Harrison's shaggy white brows met in a straight, frowning line.

"Doctor," said he "you fail to make the distinction between a dutiful child and one who has been unfaithful."

"Let me see Miss Lenox," said Dr. Hooper. "Let me first hear in the fate of this desolate unknown cousin. She has a woman's heart in her bosom. I am sure I can move her!"

Judge Harrison smiled coldly as he touched a small gilded call-bell which stood on the table beside him.

"Send Miss Marian here," he said to a servant and the man noisily obeyed.

In another minute a tall, princess-like girl stood in the room—a girl with hair of pale gold, deep blue eyes, like azure stars, and a dress of soft blue silk that fell in picturesque folds about her, and smiled peacefully over the carpet as she walked.

"Marian," said the Judge, "this is Dr. Hooper. He has come here to plead the cause of your Uncle Severn's daughter Hilda. Severn deliberately disobeyed me, at first, in marrying Hildegard Hooper—he rejected the offer I afterward made of taking the child and him home if he would leave the siren who had blighted all his life. Now he is dead and has left the child unprovided for. I say as he has sowed so shall the child reap. What do you say?"

"I think grandpapa is quite right," said Marian, in a soft sweet voice. Grandpapa is always right."

"Then you have no word to speak for this lonely little orphan?" cried out Dr. Hooper, deeply indignant. Marian had her ringed hand upon that of her grandfather and nestled close to him.

"I always defer my judgment to that of grandpapa," said she, and Judge Harrison, passing his arm around the girl's waist, looked with ill concealed triumph at the lackluster special pleader.

Dr. Hooper bowed, spoke his adieu, and departed.

He returned to his own humble chamber, a dark-eyed girl met him at

the door.

"Have you seen him, Doctor—my grandfather!" she cried eagerly.

Dr. Hooper nodded.

"It's of no use though," said he. "The old man has a heart like granite; and that girl, your cousin, of cast iron."

"He will not take me?"

"No!"

Hilda set her lips together.

"Well," said she, "I must manage to provide for myself."

"No hurry lass, no hurry," said the kindly little doctor. "Go tell my wife to bring me a cup of hot coffee before I go out again."

"Hilda," he said presently as he sat toasting his feet before the fire, with his wife knitting opposite, and Judge Harrison's grand daughter leaning against the window, and looking out into the stormy darkness, "what are you going to do?"

"I don't think I quite know," Doctor.

"You are sixteen?"

"Sixteen and a half, sir."

"And you cannot teach?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir," Hilda shook her head decidedly. "I had no chance for much education, traveling about as I did."

"Nor sew?"

"Not well enough to adopt it as a profession."

"Then for all I can see, there is nothing left but to go into domestic service."

"I would take a place to-morrow, Doctor; if I could get a good home and decent wages," said Hilda quickly.

"Good," said Dr. Hooper. "That is the right spirit, child! I don't fear but what you'll make your way in one direction or another. But I think I can see something a little more promising ahead for you than that."

"What is it doctor?"

"I noticed the way you took care of your poor father, Hilda, in his last illness. I thought that you would make a good nurse—I think so now. There is an opening in St. Francisca's Hospital. A good home and a dollar a day."

"As nurse, doctor?"

"As nurse."

"And I should see you sometimes?"

"Frequently—twice a week at least."

Hilda pondered a second or two and then came forward with glistening eyes and red lips apart.

"Doctor," she said, "I will try it."

And so Clement Harrison's grand daughter donned a little muslin cap, print dress and a white ruffled apron of the St. Francisca corps of nurses, and set diligently to work, earthing her own living.

A year had passed by, and Dr. Wallace had sent word that a nurse was wanted for a small pox case in the city. The Sister Superior of the St. Francisca's looked dubiously at her woman.

"Who will go?" said she—and Hilda Harrison stepped forward.

"I will," said she, "I have no fears of the contagion, and I want to add to my experience."

So little Hilda packed her bag and went.

The housekeeper of the great Fifth Avenue Palace was ringing her hands, half terrified out of her senses; the other servants had taken precipitate leave.

"And Miss Lenox went this morning," said she. "I should think she might have stayed!"

"Who is Miss Lenox," questioned innocent Hilda.

"The old gentleman's grand daughter that he has brought up and petted like a cosset lamb," said Mrs. Hurst. "Oh, the ingratitude of some folks. And if Judge Harrison dies—"

Hilda looked up quickly from the bottles of carbolic acid she was unpacking.

"Is this Judge Harrison's house?" she asked.

"Why of course it is," answered Mrs. Hurst. "Didn't you know?"

"No, I did not know," Hilda said. "But of course it makes no difference whose house it is."

"Who are you?" Judge Harrison asked hoarsely, as the light foot crossed the threshold.

"I am the nurse from St. Francisca's; they called me Hilda."

"Hilda what?"

"Never mind my other name," said the young girl, with a gentle authority that had come to her from months of practice at weary sick beds. "They call me Hilda—and you are not to excite yourself."

"Do you know you are running a great risk?"

"It is my business to run risks."

Three weeks elapsed. The crisis of the disease had passed; the old man weakened indeed, and sadly disfigured was able once more to sit up in his easy chair, and Hilda who had watched over him with a

vigilance and tenderness which he fully appreciated, was arranging fresh flowers in a vase on the table.

"Hilda," said he slowly, "where has my grand-daughter Marian been all this time?"

"She went away, sir, when you were first taken ill. She was afraid of the disease."

"And left me?"

"And left you."

"There was gratitude!" he muttered hoarsely. "And when is she coming back?"

Hilda laid down her roses, and looked with pathetic feeling eyes at him.

"She will not come at all," she answered. "We dared not tell you before but—her flight was in vain. She died of small pox last week."

The old man turned away with a smothering groan.

"Hilda," said he, "will you stay with me? You will not leave me alone! Nay, do not speak. I know who you are. I recognized your name when you first came. You have looked at me with your father's eyes many a time since. Hilda, I think God has sent you to me."

"Oh, grandpapa! and Hilda knelt weeping, beside his chair, scarcely able to believe that his loving arms were around her neck, his tears dropping on her brow.

"Oh, dear, dear grandpapa! I have so longed for some one to love—for some one to love me."

And good little Dr. Hooper was well satisfied with the result of Hilda's experiment of earning her living.

"Heaven manages these things better than we do," thought he as he remembered his attempt at Harrison's flinty heart more than a year before.

THE CARPET-BAG EX-SENATORS.

How Most of them are Prospering in Basket and Store.

[J. R. Young's Washington Letter to N. Y. Star.]

Alabama has not gained anything in the strength of her representation in the Senate since Spencer, the famous carpet-bagger, retired. He was a young, active and popular fellow, who could secure favors for his State where others failed. Since Spencer left the Senate he has been engaged in mining, and I am told that he recently cleared a clean half a million dollars in the sale of a Utah mine. I would not be surprised to see him turn up soon as a delegate in Congress from one of the Territories. I remember talking with him on the day his term expired. Said he: "I am glad to get out of politics for a while at least. I am now going to devote my time to making money, and I am going to succeed, too, and in less than five years you will see me back as a member of one of the other of those wings of the capitol." Spencer is not over forty four years of age.

The fact is, the majority of what were called the carpet-bag Senators have been prospering since they ceased to be Senators. Dorsey, of Arkansas, who is only fifty years old, made a quarter of a million dollars in Kansas Pacific stock when the road was purchased by Jay Gould. This money he put into a cattle ranch in New Mexico, covering eighty-six thousand acres of land. Dorsey is also interested in several of the Leadville mines, and his friends say he will be worth millions before long. He is now at his home at the Hot Springs in Arkansas, fixing up a delegation from that State to the Chicago convention for Grant. Mark my word for it, Dorsey will be in Congress again before many days shall have come and gone. Dorsey says that he would just for the fun of the thing, like to come back here, simply to annoy some of the fellows who hounded him when he was down.

Clayton, who was Dorsey's colleague in the Senate, is prospering, being the owner of one of the largest cotton plantations in Arkansas. I saw him the other day, and he told me that the day is not far distant when the Republicans will again be in control in Arkansas. He said that in the event of Grant's nomination the State would surely go Republican.

Ex-Senator Patterson, of South Carolina, is now living in Baltimore, the president of a street railway company, in which Don Cameron has a large pecuniary interest. Patterson tells me that the road is paying handsomely, and that he is in a fair way of recovering the fortune he lost in investing in South Carolina securities.

Sawyer, of South Carolina, and Conover, of Florida, have not been so fortunate. The former is now a clerk in the treasury department, while the latter is a special agent in the service of the same department, commissioned by John Sherman with the purpose of having him fix the Florida delegates to the national convention for him (Sherman.) Sawyer was one of the brightest men in the Senate, but he took to wine, and cards, and of course, soon fell.

Pineback, the colored politician from Louisiana, who came so near being a Senator, is here. He wants to be made a naval officer at New Orleans. Sherman wants to appoint him, with the hope that he will fix the Louisiana delegation to Chicago for him, but the President is opposed to Pinch, for the reason, it is said, that he is the owner of three high-falooted negro taro banks in the city of New Orleans.

A Chicago man's nightmare turned out to be the shadow of his wife's foot on the bed-room wall, instead of an unearthly monster with five horns.

A CARSON CITY MAN EXPLAINS WHY HE STOLE A TOMBSTONE.—William Boggs was arraigned before Justice Cary, of Carson, recently, charged with grand larceny. The charge made by the arresting officer was that a tombstone had been stolen by the defendant from the cemetery. It appears, says the appeal, that the officer was passing near the consecrated spot at night, when he saw Boggs staggering along with a tombstone on his back.

The tombstone was exhibited to the jury. It read:

"Sacred to the memory of W. Boggs-stone, Died Jan., 3, 1856. A kind father, an indulgent husband, and a true man. Requiescat in pace."

Boggs, the defendant, went on the stand, and acknowledged frankly that he had taken the tombstone. It was so near like his own name that, by filling up the superfluous letters with plaster of Paris, he could use it himself in case he died.

The Court—You have the appearance of being a pretty healthy man. Why do you expect to die?

Boggs—I'm going to Bodie to start in business and—

The Court—Oh, I see; the pneumonia. But, even if you do die, I have no doubt you will, why do you steal another man's tombstone? Do you really think it is the correct thing?

Boggs—If a man has had the use of a tombstone since 1856, it strikes me he's got his money's worth. Besides, this stone was a blasted lie all over. "Bill Boggs-stone wasn't a kind husband and an indulgent father. He was a shieving three-card monte sharp, and killed four men. A meaneer scallawag never was born. When he first came out here in '49, he used to shave off corners of \$50 slugs, and pay off his hands in old bills on the Farmers Bank of New Haven."

"We know him," cried several of the jury: he was the worst in the deck."

One of the jurors went on the stand, and testified that he saw the man run out of Placerville in '52 for robbing hen roosts. He turned a widow out in a snow storm because she couldn't pay the house rent. Several old timers in the court room testified to the scampish character of the deceased. One man swore that the brother of Boggs-stone put the tombstone up, and did it in the night. It was a monumental lie and a disgrace to the cemetery.

The jury acquitted, and Mr. Boggs left on the stage for Bodie with the tombstone.

A WOMAN'S DETERMINATION.—In a county in the western part of this State, a few days past, a happy party assembled to witness the marriage of a rural belle to a nice young man. People gathered from far and near and the attendants were present in force, dressed in their best. The line for the ceremony approached and every one was wild with the usual interesting excitement. This was rather increased by the non appearance of the intended groom, whose absence was unaccountable to all present.

At the exact moment when the ceremony would be bridle received from a messenger a note bearing the information that the groom was so afflicted with mumps as to be unable to attend. She read the note aloud, and then cast a hasty glance over the group of young attendants who stood waiting near by. In a moment she announced that the people should not be disappointed and cheated out of a wedding if she could help it, and at once stepped up to the best looking of the groomsmen and took his hand. She informed the astonished clergyman that she was ready to marry at once. The lucky man of her choice was only too happy at the turn affairs had taken, and looked very festive indeed. Another man took the newly chosen one's place among the attendants and the pair were made one in a trice. The bride remarked to her friends that no woman need ever be disappointed in such cases if she will just make up her mind not to be.—The Observer is responsible for the above.

It does one's heart good to see a merry round faced farmer. So independent and yet so free from vanity and pride, so rich and yet so industrious; patient and preserving in his calling and yet so kind, and sociable and obliging. There is a thousand noble traits about his character. He is generally hospitable. Eat and drink with him and he won't set a mark on you and sweat out of you with double compound interest. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with everybody. He is usually more honest and sincere, less disposed to deal in low and underhanded cunning than many I could name. He gives to society his best support, his firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government. He is the truest of nature. Look at him in his homespun and gray; laugh at him if you will, but believe he can laugh back if he pleases.

After a Texas jury had stood out for ninety-six hours the judge got a verdict out of them in two minutes by sending them word that a circus had come to town.

Parent, to disoblige son who had been making calls: It's a shame you should go on so. Be a man and keep sober, and you may make your mark. Disoblige son: Can do (hic) more than that now—can write my name.

Gleanings.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

Our very manner is a thing of importance. A kind No if often more agreeable than a rough Yes.

Method is the very hinge of business, and there can be no method without punctuality.

Queen Christine of Spain bowed 2,700 times in succession on the day of her marriage.

No woman has ever yet been known to kindle a fire with either a fashion magazine or a paper containing the trial of a clergyman.

A great many men wind themselves up with whis-key, and afterward run down.—Waterloo Observer.

It is difficult to understand why a wife never asks her husband "If the doors are all locked" until after he is snugly covered up in bed.

"Did you do nothing to renegeate the body?" was recently asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest. "Yes, sir; we searched the pockets," was the reply.

The daughter of Sandy Faulkner, author of "The Arkansas Traveler," was recently turned out of a house in Little Rock because she was unable to pay the rent. At one time she was the belle of the town.

Francis J. Dickens, a son of the great novelist, is an inspector in the Canadian northwest mounted police. This will interest believers in the heredity of genius.

A lady took her two little children to the Presbyterian church the other day, and when the organ commenced to play, one said to the other: "Bud, look out, there comes the monkey man."

"Who was Cain's wife?" asks Rev. Hatfield, of New York. If our money serves us right, we think she was one of the Smith girls.—Kentucky State Journal.

A Kentucky man was hit in the leg by a bullet, while on his knees, in prayer. A such a thing might not occur again in Kentucky in one thousand years.—Hartford (Kansas) Enterprise.

Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, will leave the country after Easter for a nine month's pilgrimage to Rome. He will go in compliance with the requirements of the Church that all prelates shall visit Rome once in ten years.

"When Bessie is swinging in sunlight, singing merrily the while," sings the Fort Jersey Gazette in jingling numbers "the gleam of her striped stockings can be seen about a mile." It is our opinion this is both an exaggeration and a poetic license.

"Now, Uncle Pete, I'm going to give you something bully. This brandy is twenty-four years old." Twenty-four years old, boss?" asked old Pete, eyeing the "one finger, doubtfully—"this yer brandy twenty-four years old? Mighty small for its age, boss—mighty small."

Edgar Allan Poe's gold watch is owned by R. W. Albright, of Fort Madison, Iowa. It is a good repeater, bears Poe's name, and was given to Mr. Albright's brother, John W. Albright, then a merchant tailor doing business in Philadelphia, as security for a debt.

Mrs. J. J. Astor has just sent one hundred more of the homeless children of New York to homes in the West and South, at a cost of \$1,000. During the last seven years she has found homes for six hundred and seventy-seven poor lads, and has expended on them \$9,750.

Five of Dicken's children survive. The eldest son of the same name is the well known proprietor of All the Year Round. Henry Fielding Dickens is a successful barrister, and Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens an Australian sheep farmer. Kate is the wife of C. A. Collins, author of "A Cruise Upon Wheels" and Mary, the other daughter, remains single.

A young mother in Cincinnati was giving to her son, aged five years, a touching description of the misery into which the prodigal son had fallen. "Far away from home and his kind father, obliged to take care of swine, with nothing to eat but the husks of corn left by them." "Then why didn't he eat the pig?" was the practical reply of the young Porkopolitan.

There is a great deal of religion which it would never do to inoculate people with, because it hasn't strength enough to "take." It is the kind that is always ready to teach others what to do, but never has time to follow its own teaching. It is not a one hundred cents on the dollar religion, with its books all open for inspection, but a kind of ten-cents on the dollar, and then takes a private "nightcap" when the public is not peeping through the window. The only religion that is worth having is well described by a colored philosopher who once said:—"A half a ton of coal dumped right in front of a poor man's door, will tend to give him more encouragement than a mile an' a half ob promises, dat has a wum in de bud and nebber comes to appls."

Dr. B. A. Sellars

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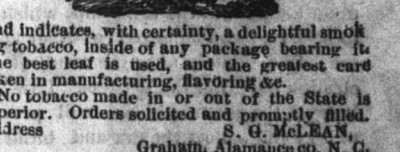
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